

119 Perfect place to sleep.

"Ryan, you —" 1

"There is no love. It's just an obligation. We are together because our families want it that way. It's nothing more," Ryan said, suddenly uncomfortable with the idea of falling in love with Arwen. He could never let himself fall for her. 3

Delyth's lips curled up. Shaking her head, she replied, "There is nothing wrong in loving someone, Ryan. Arwen is your fiancée. I know your relationship with her didn't begin with love, but it wouldn't be wrong if you grew to care for her over time. She is beautiful, after all. Any man would fall for her without much of an effort."

Ryan's jaws tightened and he replied through gritted teeth, "Any man could fall for her, but I am not just any man, Del. I told you —what's between us is not love."

"If not love, then what else could it be? I don't understand." She then paused for a brief moment before adding with a sigh, "Ryan, I have seen you running after her, and I have also heard desperation in your voice last night. You

sounded desperate to call her yours, to claim her as if she belongs to you, and —"

"That's right. She does belong to me, Delyth. Arwen is my fiancée, my possession. She is mine. I can't stand to see her with anyone else —not because I love her, but because only I have the right to have her, to torment her, to insult her, Only I have the right," Ryan said, and his words like that made Delyth's heart leap in satisfaction. 9

This was exactly what she wanted to hear. The words that would diminish Arwen's worth in his eyes.

Smirking internally, Delyth raised her brow in concern on the front. "Wait, Ryan, then does that mean Arwen's trying to force you into accepting the feelings that you don't even have for her?" she asked, and Ryan's brows furrowed deeply, as though considering the possibility.

"If that's the case, isn't Arwen overstepping? She should know no man would take it lightly if his 'possession' were taken by someone else. Naturally, that would make him desperate ... just like it had made you." 1

Ryan's frown deepened. He remembered how just some time ago, Arwen had walked away

wrapped in someone else's arms. What was she thinking? Did she think that he would go and beg her to stay?

"It's fine, Ryan. Arwen is your fiancée, so it wouldn't hurt to give in just this once. Let her be happy, for a change," Delyth suggested, reaching out to hold his hands. "I am sure if succeeds once, she won't make it a habit."

"No," Ryan snapped. "She won't have the privilege of winning against me. If she thinks she can play these stupid games and come out on top, then she is highly mistaken. I won't let her play me."

"But Ryan —"

"Delyth, I got a call from Michael earlier," Ryan interrupted, and for a moment, her eyes lit up with delight as if she had been waiting to mention it.

But just when Ryan would have seen it, she masked it with a look of concern. Shaking her head, she protested, "I asked him to not call you. Why didn't he listen? Ryan, don't listen to him. He was just blabbering the things. You can't even think of accepting his proposition."

"If it can help you, it's worth considering."

Delyth shook her head, feigning refusal. "No, Ryan. It would only worsen things between you and Arwen. I can't improve my situation at the cost of yours. Don't mind it, things will get better over time. I am already suffering; I have gotten used to it. It doesn't matter."

"Del, I have taken your responsibility, I can't let you suffer. Not when I can help you in it," Ryan said with sincerity in his voice.

Delyth looked at him and sighed as though her resolve had weakened at his words. "But Arwen won't like it, Ryan. This could damage her reputation, and people might turn brutal. Even now, the society is sensitive to these things. She will end up suffering," she said, gloating inside.

But Ryan, oblivious to it, remained absolute.

"Hasn't she loved playing the break-up game recently? Let her take the consequences then. She will know her position better after this."

"Are you sure, Ryan? You won't regret it, right?" Delyth asked, no longer refusing it.

Ryan shook his head. "This is to help you, Del. How can I regret it?" But little did he know that very soon, this would be one of his deepest regrets. 3

Meanwhile, on the other side, feeling a gentle caress on her cheeks, Arwen stirred in her sleep. Slowly opening her eyes, she murmured, "Hmm? Did we arrive already?" she blinked sleepily, noticing Aiden beside her. Her eyes moved to look around to find Emyr and Jason gone already.

"We are here," Aiden replied just as she glanced up at him with a pout.

"You broke your promise," she grumbled, rubbing her eyes. "You didn't wake me up right after we reached here. Tell me, how late am I already?"

Aiden looked at her in adoration before tapping on her nose lightly. "Not even close to five minutes late," he said.

Arwen's brows furrowed in confusion. "Five minutes?" She then lifted her hand to check the time on her watch, realizing it hadn't been that long since they had left the hospital. Yet her sleep felt so deep and refreshing as if she had slept for hours. All her exhaustion was gone and she was perfectly refreshed.

"You are not lying, right?" she asked, squinting



her eyes as she pulled away from his embrace.

Aiden smiled. "What do you think?"

"I just think I found a perfect place to sleep. It's even more comfortable than any bed. I hope you won't mind giving me your embrace whenever I want it."

Aiden's eyes softened. His voice came as a warm murmur as he helped her tug a strand of hair behind her ears. "Moon, you don't have to ask. My arms are yours —today, tomorrow and for as long as you will have them. No place in this world will ever be more yours than here, with me." 1

